Our lorde god stronge and myghty/and myghty in bat
tayle/he is kynge of glorye (Et ipse de celo in terrā as-
pexit vt audiret gemitus compedit̄or vt solueret filios
interemptor̄) That is to saye/that blessyd lorde behel-
de fro heuen to erth to here the waymentynge of them
that are in bondes/and that he shold vnbynde the chyl
dren that were brought to the deth to be slayne/& there
fore thou bylayne stynkynge hole vndo thy gates that
the kynge of blysse may come in.

AND as Dauyd had sayd this to hell/came vpon
them the glorious desyred kynge of glorye in
fourme of man/& enlumyned all the derkenesse of hell
with the glorious bryghtnesse of his glorious face/&
all the gates & shyttynges with yren barres & boltes all
to brasse in his holy comynge/& all the fell fendes made
hym space & waye. And whan the sayntes sawe Jhesu
our sauy- me with aungelles/they were abasshed
of ỳ grete Joye that they ne durst speke/but with grete
and softe herte they sayd thus. Our lord god & our sauy
our thou arte come to vs kynge of glorye to delyuer vs
out of the bondes fro these false felons/& blessyd be thy
name/for now shall we be made hole. Than came our
lorde Jhesu & brast all the bondes that we were bou̇de
with/& comaunded that we sholde be delyuered of all
angwyshes from that tyme forwarde. And whan the
prynce of hell with all his fell sergeauntes sawe the gre
te bryghtnesse/they had than huge sorowe and drede.
Than. x. pyces of hell rose vp of theyr setes with huge
full sorynge and cryenge/& sayd thus with grete way-
mentynge. O Jhesu how we be ouercome by the/what
man arte thou ỳ reysest thy request agaynst god vnkno
wynge vs/what arte thou that brekest all our powr-

Sychode.

What arte thou that arte so grete & appered so lytell in erth. What arte thou that was so meke & lowly in erth and now arte thou a p̄ycely fyghter in fo̅rme of man/& now kynge of glo̅rye that was deed & now thou lyuest and now all creatures tremble and quake by thy crosse and by thy deth/& were buryed in a sepulcre & arte descended downe to vs/all quycke creatures trembled and quake by thy deth/and all the foure elementes shewed theyr tokens/& now hast thou delyuered all them that were deed & dystroubled/& put to myschefe all our full
. What arte thou that hast delyuered them that were oystreyned here amonge vs fo̅r theyr synne/ and hast called them agayne to theyr fyrst fraunchyse. What arte thou ꝑ gyuest lyght to them that are blynde by the bryghtnesse of thy godhede. And than all ꝑ were in hell cryed with one voyce and sayd. A what arte thou that arte so myghty a man & so clere in mageste shynynge without blame and clene of erthly synne/what arte thou that entrest in to our regyon & countree without dr̄ede/and doubtest no poynt of tourmentynge but hast fro vs all those that were strayned in our bondes/peraduenture thou arte that Jhesu that our p̄ynce Sathan sayd to our p̄ynces that thou sholdest take to the all the power of the worlde by thy deth of the crosse. Than our lo̅rde Jhesu cryst toke Sathan and bounde hym & delyuered hym in to hell to the p̄ynce of tourmentry. Than behelde Sathan saynge thus to hym. A thou p̄ynce of perdycyon Belsabub with thy thre hedes/leyer vpon ꝑ aũgelles of god why hast thou do this fals d . e. A whyche a dyspoylynge thou behyghtest vs whan thou lette hym fall to suche a dede/what harme thou dyde to vs whan thou let the kynge of glo̅rye be crucyfyed. A thou fals Sathan thou ne wotest what thou hast done/fo̅r

And fro the flode to Abraham is thre. M. and. v. C. yere/ and fro Moyses to Dauyd is. v. C. yere/ and fro the transmygracion of Babylone to the incarnacion of Jhesu cryst is foure. C. yere/ and thus is the accounte in all v. M. yere. All these thynges and meruaylles dyde Pylate wryte for to be redde of all them that sholde come after. And than Pylate wrote a lettre to the cyte of Rome/ and to Claudio the Emperour. &c.

¶ Thus endeth Nychodemus gospell. Enprynted at London in Fletestrete at the sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde. In the yere of our lorde god. M CCCCC. xii. the. xx. daye of February.